1. WEDNESDAY: AFTER THE MEETING (BIGASH)
   1. BIGASH: Oh, it’s you. | That was quite a performance you gave in the meeting. It was pretty clear you have no idea what we do here.
      1. YOU (GOOD): It’s garden variety corporate bull shit. What more do I need to know?
         1. BIGASH (GOOD): Well said. I like the way you think.
      2. YOU (OKAY): Yeah, did you see the look on Borug’s face?
         1. BIGASH (OKAY): He looked pretty angry. I’ll admit it was pretty funny.
      3. YOU (BAD): I don’t. I’m not even sure what my job title is.
         1. BIGASH (BAD): I’m all for fighting the power, but isn’t that a little cavalier for your first week?
   2. BIGASH: What’s up?
      1. YOU: What do we do here then?
         1. BIGASH: We buy and sell…orc… | …stuff. | You know, I’m not really sure either. I’m just an accountant.
            1. YOU (GOOD): We all have enough “orc stuff” on our plates already. Don’t you think?

BIGASH (GOOD): Right? We’ve all got lives and problems, and…urges. | How do they expect us to identify with their corporate agenda?

* + - * 1. YOU (OKAY): Why did you make fun of me, then?

BIGASH (OKAY): Fair point. I forgot how much I zone out during those meetings too.

* + - * 1. YOU (BAD): Oh, cool! I love orc stuff.

BIGASH (BAD): I sincerely hope you’re kidding.

* + 1. YOU: What do you do for fun when you’re not working for the machine?
       1. BIGASH: Rage against it, of course! | I play the orc bass in a crud punk band called Dwarf Crotch. I’ve always dreamed of going on tour, but this dumb job has kept us from taking the next step.
          1. YOU (GOOD): You should go for it!

BIGASH (GOOD): Believe me, I want to. | I want people to feel the gnarled, haunted feelings I’ve been feeling my whole life. When I finally do, the world better get ready for a wake-up call.

* + - * 1. YOU (OKAY): That’s awesome. I would love to see you play sometime.

BIGASH (OKAY): That’s sweet, but we’ve never actually played a show. We don’t record music either. | We don’t even have any songs, per se—it’s all just noise, isn’t it? A pretty package to distract from the message.

* + - * 1. YOU (BAD): Really? I love Dwarf Crotch! I’ve seen you guys live a bunch of times.

BIGASH (BAD): We don’t want you to love us. | We want to be disgusting. We want to hold up a mirror to society and say, “Hey world, this is some pretty messed up shit.” | Also, how could you have seen us live when we’ve never played a show?

* + 1. YOU: How do you feel about orc-human hybrids?
       1. BIGASH: You mean like—you? | I suppose they can be quite attractive. Sometimes. Why do you ask?
          1. YOU (GOOD): Just wondering. Apparently, we’re really good kissers—what with the human tongue and all.

BIGASH (GOOD): Is that so? I guess I’ll believe it when I see it.

* + - * 1. YOU (OKAY): Interesting. Just asking for a friend!

BIGASH (OKAY): Well in that case, tell your friend I find them a lot less attractive when they beat around the bush.

* + - * 1. YOU (BAD): No reason. Follow-up question: Have you ever “made it nice” with someone in a janitor’s closet?

BIGASH (BAD): Nope. Not planning on it either!

* + 1. BIGASH: Well, this has been fun, but I’m all talked out. | Hopefully you figure out what your job is between now and the party on Friday. Borug takes his birthday VERY seriously. | See you around.